

THE WOMAN RICE PLANTER

MORRIS OF A FARM AND A BOOK THAT HELPED.

Lessons of the Life of Alice Freeman Palmer—Negro Tenants Won't Pay Their Rent—Neglected Education of the Cotton—Dab Gets into Trouble.

PEACEVILLE, Oct. 9.—Got up at 5:30. It was too dark to read and was still raining heavily. But by 6 it stopped, and we had breakfast punctually at 7 for N— to get off. Was very sorry to say good-by to her and miss her greatly.

I did not go to the plantation, so had a day off and enjoyed it thoroughly. I have a most delightful book which I have been pining to read, but had to resist until today. It is the life of Alice Freeman Palmer, and no word can express the refreshment and uplift it has given me.

I wish I could give the book to every young woman in whom I am interested. October 12—Rose at 5 and heard the lesson on the piazza and then turned. There is certainly a wonderful freshness and life in the early morning air, a kind of inspiration in watching the birth of a new day. I get terribly hungry, however, before I can get any breakfast. This morning a delightful waiter arrived. It had shrimps and flounders fresh from the coast and great yellow pears with one red cheek.

Went to Cherokee, taking Chloe, for I was to have the peanut crop harvested and I felt I needed all the eyes possible. Dab worked finely and it was a successful day. The peanuts turned out so well I had to send for two extra hands to get them all in.

I would feel very proud of the yield if there were not so many "peas" in them. Hypocrites they are. They look perfectly solid and plausible and when you break the shell there is nothing in it. I should have used more time in the land. I hope I will remember it next spring at the right time.

October 15—Every effort that I have made to induce the men to pay their rent has been vain. I was coming back from Casa Blanca late in the afternoon, feeling very discouraged. I saw Green ahead of me carrying a pair of wild ducks and a string of coots. He was going toward Peaceville and I had a moment of satisfaction, for I thought he was taking them to me to pay on his rent. So I came up with him in a friendly way.

My Green, I am glad you are bringing me those ducks and coots. I have only eaten one coot this year.

Always civil, Green answered in his softest voice. "No, ma'am, these don't belong to me; they belong to that gent's man, a nigger, pointing to a negro man who was walking about five hundred yards ahead of us. I could say nothing. I knew it was not so. I knew they were Green's, shot on my place, and if he had given them to me it would have reduced his debt from \$20 to \$10, and though I needed the money I was willing to take anything to help him make a start.

They will not do a day's work even if I rent, so I went up my mind to put it in the hands of the man who never does such a thing before, but recognize that if I allow this to go on I will lose all authority on the place. But in the end I let the Magistrate's hands. I begged him not to be too hard on them, which was foolish, I suppose.

At Cherokee I put on my blue denim overalls and went to the fields with the women were picking peas. I thought we had got out all the cockspurs, but still found a good many. I am worried about the neglected education of the two coots. Marietta's hands a baller on her once, but she fought so that she bruised her head badly and I thought it was to let her forget all about her before she came to school. I thought I have no one to handle her. Gible is so afraid that when it came to taking the head stall of I could not induce him to help in any way.

When I saw how bruised and hurt her head was I wanted to take off the headstall altogether, and J. having been told to do it entirely myself, holding the headstall with one hand and patting her with the other until I had a chance to undo quickly the tackle. It was a prolonged process.

There are beautiful spots here and there, but the air is so thick with smoke at its best, when the mist rises and myriads of protruding tree trunks are white and ghostly in the moonlight. It is weird; the general reminder of the "Ghosts of the South," a kind of slovenly lake that has preferred to sit down with its hair uncombed all day long, but at night it does manage to achieve a touch of wizard dignity.

MOVING BIG TREES.

An Expensive Undertaking, Sometimes Requiring a Year.

Trees of a very great size can be moved successfully if time and money are of no account, but it is an expensive process and should be attempted only where immediate effect is wanted, or in the case of a rare variety that requires to be removed and cannot be replaced.

To prepare a large tree for removal, says *Horticulture*, a deep trench from five to seven feet from the base of the tree and working under so as to cut off all the roots possible without disturbing the bole.

The ends of the roots should be cut with a smooth and the trench filled up with a mixture of peat, rotten soda and manure and left for a year, when a second trench can be opened at the outside of the first and the tree carefully undermined with a pick so as to remove the soil with as little injury to the young fibres as possible, and the tree can be drawn out and cut out whatever taproot may have been left.

If a supply of bass mats is at hand they can be carefully bound around the ball of earth, if it is large it is better to load on a drag and draw to the place of planting where the hole has been prepared beforehand.

If too large for a drag the ball of earth may be surrounded by boards or layers of hay and straw firmly bound with cords, a few boards passing underneath, and the whole fastened to the stump which should be surrounded with a layer of woolen material before any force of lifting is applied. It can then be raised with the use of a derrick onto a truck and towed to the place of planting in the hole, the binding taken off, the roots carefully spread and the soil well worked in among them and well firmed.

Large trees can be transplanted by digging around them in winter and allowing the earth around them to be frozen solid, having the ground prepared previously and covered with coarse material to keep out the frost, and removing them on a sled to their destination.

Chisholm's White Footed Fox.
From the Tulsa World.

Dick Jones of Prague, Okla., has the distinction of catching the first white footed fox in this section of the country. While out hunting one day last week in Oklahoma county he jumped a red fox in the field. He fired a shot out of his shotgun and Mr. Fox went head over heels.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Between Two Years.

Comrade mine, with a plaintive sighing,
Mark ye not that the year is dying?
Comrade mine, amid swirling snows,
See ye not that the year is gone?

Mark ye not that the year is dying,
With wail of woe and the sad wind's cry?
See ye not that the year is going,
With the hand in the hour glass split down below?

Yes, I know that the year is dying,
But what of the one that is hither bring?
Yes, I know that the year is going,
But what of the one like a bud outwining?

What of the one that is hither bring?
"Hope," says a jubilant voice replying.
What of the one like a bud outwining?
"A flower of life's garden growing!"

CLINTON SCOTLAND.
Shanghai Sam's.
Down in crooked Chinatown beneath a dragon
Old Shanghai keeps a restaurant where real
hemlock dine:

"This here you'll meet the thespian who trod the
boards with a flourish and a flourish;
The artist and the poet who makes copy in a gar-
ret."

All chopstick connoisseurs are they without a
doubt,
For they give their orders quickly and the blue
bloused waiters shout.

Old Shanghai on a teakwood stool pulls at his long
bamboo—
A crafty old Celestial from his blue shoes to his
nose;

With a twinkling eye he looks at a drowsy
diner,
While his foxy eyes are watching every one that
comes and goes:

Sees how the chopsticks vanish when his merry
guests pass out,
And the Melican gets his order when the sham-
bling waiter shout.

Around the winding stairway is the kitchen hot
with steam,
And the slant eye cook is working off his drowsy
penny card with a grin.

Slicing up the shreds of ham, chopping chick-
ens freshly slain;
Stirring up the giant "admirals" full of steam
and main;

Lestless till you wonder if he knows what he's
about,
Till suddenly he awakens when he hears the wait-
ers shout.

Midnight dawn in Shanghai's and the place is
dim with smoke,
And the "table" tables pass the time with
mirth and joke:

Certain writers, artists, chorus girls and bards,
All grouped about the tables reading heathen
men's cards;

And the night has all but vanished ere the crowds
are thinning out,
And old Shanghai seeks his poppy and the wait-
ers cease to shout.

VICTOR A. HERMAN.

REELFOOT LAKE.

Strange History of Spot Where Night
Riders' Crime Occurred.

The physical history of Reelfoot Lake of
night rider fame is not without a cer-
tain interest of its own. The lake came
into existence as the result of a series of
earthquakes which began in December,

1811, and continued until June, 1812.
According to tradition, it was the earth-
quakes merely best of the Reelfoot ridge
of land across the path of the Reelfoot
River, which runs into the Mississippi,
and that this dam caused the water to
back up and broaden out and form a lake;

but the favorite account in the neighbor-
hood is to the effect that the ground sank,
springs were opened up, neighboring
creeks diverted from their course and the
overflowing waters of the Mississippi
rushed in, filling the flood season of the
spring of 1812.

It is said that for an hour and a half
the waters of the Mississippi flowed uphill
filling up the depression caused by the
earthquake. The water, which first filled
the Reelfoot River, which runs into the Mississippi,
and that this dam caused the water to
back up and broaden out and form a lake;

but the favorite account in the neighbor-
hood is to the effect that the ground sank,
springs were opened up, neighboring
creeks diverted from their course and the
overflowing waters of the Mississippi
rushed in, filling the flood season of the
spring of 1812.

Reelfoot Lake is sixteen or eighteen
miles long, and is about five miles wide.
It is a very irregular lake, with many
shape and covers from \$5,000 to \$10,000
acres of land. It is in width from a
mile in some places to four or five miles
in others. It is a very irregular lake, with
many shape and covers from \$5,000 to \$10,000
acres of land.

The most distinctive feature of the lake's
appearance, the feature which first drew
the attention of the world, was the lake's
fancy, is a certain grotesque effect as
if a sort of crazy man had been operating
with a pen and ink, and the lake's
shape, the shape of the lake, the shape of
the lake, the shape of the lake, the shape
of the lake, the shape of the lake, the
shape of the lake, the shape of the lake,

THE SUN, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1908.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Several weeks ago I am writing from such a distance that it will be an interval of some time before the answer of some of your queries can be published.

Selling low in the lowlands, low in the sea.
Selling low in the lowlands, low in the sea.
Can you or some interested reader cite the
source of the "Golden Valley" popularity?

A version of the "Golden Valley" popularity
preserved in Vermont was published in the "Journal
of American Folk Lore" in 1903, with the
traditional air. The words are these:
"Selling low in the lowlands, low in the sea,
Selling low in the lowlands, low in the sea."

All in the lowland low,
The name of the ship was the Gold China Tree.
All in the lowland low, low, low,
Selling low in the lowlands, low, low,
Selling low in the lowlands, low, low,

She had not sailed past leagues two or three,
All in the lowland low,
She had not sailed past leagues two or three,
Before she sailed a French galley.

The first that spoke was the ship captain's man,
Saying, "Master, O master, we're all undone."
All in the lowland low, low, low,
Next spoke up was the little cabin boy.

Saying, "Master, O master, what will you give
to me
If I will shank the French galley?"
"Oh, I will give you gold and I will give you
fees,
All in the lowland low, low, low,
And my eldest daughter your bride shall be.
All in the lowland low, low, low."

He smote upon his breast and away swung he,
All in the lowland low,
He smote upon his breast and away swung he,
And he swung till he came to the French galley.

Then he espied a little auger that came from a
nun,
All in the lowland low,
Then he espied a little auger that came from a
nun,
And bored holes with it, twenty and one.

Some threw their hats and some threw their
caps,
All in the lowland low,
Saying, "For the Lord's sake, stop up the salt
water gales."
All in the lowland low, low, low,

He smote upon his breast and away swung he,
All in the lowland low,
He smote upon his breast and away swung he,
Until he came to the Gold China Tree.

Then all around the ship this little boy did swim,
All in the lowland low,
Saying, "Master, O master, won't you take me in?
Or I'll serve you as I've served them."

They threw up a rope and they slightly drew
him in,
All in the lowland low,
They threw up a rope and they slightly drew
him in,
And then he began to dance and sing.

Saying, "Master, O master, what will you give
to me?
All in the lowland low,
Saying, "Master, O master, what will you give
to me,
For I have sunk the French galley."

"Oh, I'll give you gold and I'll give you fees,
All in the lowland low,
Oh, I'll give you gold and I'll give you fees,
And I'll give you the land of New America!"

"Oh, I'll have none of your gold or none of your
fees,
All in the lowland low,
Oh, I'll have none of your gold or none of your
fees,
But your eldest daughter my bride shall be!"

He married the daughter in spite of them all,
All in the lowland low,
He married the daughter in spite of them all,
May the devil take the captain, sailors and all.

Your correspondent G. H. K. will find the poem
entitled "The Golden Valley" in the
Magazine for January, 1905 (Vol. LXI),
and the place printed in an anthology.
The sentiment of the Scotch proverb perhaps goes
back to the famous lines to Beowulf.
As a matter of curiosity, I would like to know where
the "Golden Valley" popularity was first used.
I have never seen it in the Atlantic Monthly
for February, 1906 ("A Tranced Life"). But I
never see it in the Atlantic Monthly for February,
1906 ("A Tranced Life"). But I never see it in
the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1906 ("A
Tranced Life"). But I never see it in the Atlantic
Monthly for February, 1906 ("A Tranced Life").

THE BIRD SONG OF A WEAVER.
The verse, the verse, the old bird verse,
Heddomad, antique—
The verse that Adam used to read
Till his wife came back!

The verse of Phyllis and of Clare,
Of Claudia and Jane, and of Mary,
The rhyme that makes sweet Clarice,
Marcella and Helene.

When Patty Pats Her Pompadour,
When Florence Makes the Bed,
When Ethel Cheats a Caramel,
When Constance Cuts the Bread.

When Edith Sews a Button On,
When Lida and Her Young Men,
When Madeline Begins to Sneeze,
When Maud Constructs a Pie.

When Mabel Tries to Sneeze and Cries,
When Ann Runs Short of Cash,
When Lena Plays the Violin,
When Phoebe Makes the Hash.

Each week we read it over and over,
While fast the tears drop down,
The poor ancient poem verse,
The verse of long ago.

At the Turn of the Tide Time.
The countless cohorts of the snow
Have marched from leaden saltpetre, in skies
That face with frowning front, a world that lies
In sullen, buttressed bowels below—
Restless as old Ocean's tidal rise,
Till wide the white flag of surrender flies;
While sand and silt the year's last moments go.

The last night of the year! O wondrous night,
Mysteriously populous with ghosts,
More mystically vocal. Soft winged flight
Of dead days' disembodied homeless hosts,
Mute wraiths of dreams and visions unful-
filled.

The midnight strikes! It is the time the tide's turn,
The old year passes, and the old year's pain.
An armature of frost, a frost of pain,
A happy instant, the year's last breath,
And their battered bark with sails and oars
For port, and fruit of their pelagic pain.
So we, whose quest is for a nobler gain,
Dismiss the old and go the new year's morn.

The first morn of the year! O wondrous morn,
Bright leader of the new year's morn,
With promise of promise, hope and all
The high resolve of youth—O year reborn,
Reborn ourselves we turn us from the west
Of setting suns—we heed the Orient call.

POLITICAL NOTES.

While it has been said frequently that
there is no quarrel between the New York
Republican State organization and Gov.
Hughes, members of the State commit-
tee have been endeavoring to make the
poor Gov. Hughes received in the State
election day plain to all political observers,
and they have not been backward in calling
attention to the fact that the Governor
had 100,000 votes behind Taft and from
28,000 to 70,000 votes behind his associates
on the State ticket.

These Republican State committeemen,
who believe that the atmosphere should
be cleared and the facts made known and
that no unfair constructions should be har-
bored, yesterday recalled that Gov. Hughes
spoke during the campaign outside of New
York State, in Illinois, Wisconsin, Min-
nesota, Missouri, South Dakota, Iowa,
Nebraska, Kansas, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio,
West Virginia and Maryland. Gov. Hughes
these State committeemen acknowledged,
made a great reputation for himself as a
campaign orator in the States mentioned
as well as in his own State, but as for
real results of the Governor's campaigns
they have not been so successful.

Speaking specifically of the result in
New York, the Republican State commit-
teemen recalled that Roosevelt carried it
in 1904 by 86,000, while Bryan carried
it this year by 9,985, and the Democrats
elected their Governor. Concerning In-
diana, it was added, Roosevelt carried it
last year by 59,944, while Taft carried
it by only 10,641, and the Democrats
elected their Governor by 14,009.

Ohio, where Roosevelt carried in 1904 by
365,421, Taft carried this year by 69,991,
and the Democrats elected their Governor
in 1907. Roosevelt carried Missouri four
years ago by 25,137, whereas Taft carried
it this year by 626. As for Illinois, which
was carried by Roosevelt in 1904 by 305,039,
Taft carried it this year by 175,739, and the
Democrats carried it within 21,622 of
electing their Governor, whereas Deane
was elected in 1904 by 300,149.

All this was said by Republican State
committeemen of New York in no censorious
spirit, but they believed that the facts
should be presented for discussion.

"Gov. Hughes," said one of the Governor's
friends and an expert authority in political
matters in the State, discussing an Aus-
tralian ballot system for the State, "would
have been a better choice than the Aus-
tralian ballot had been used, as the only
thing which saved him was the straight
vote of the Taft men, especially in New
York city. It needed but a change of 34,000
votes to defeat the Governor, and if the
Australian ballot had been used he would
have lost at least 50,000 Taft votes and been
defeated by 30,000."

There has been complaint, stout and
unrelenting, that the Republican State
Committee, and its associates on the
Senate and House committees, as well as
those who attend the tariff hearings, must
suffer severely because of the frightful
lack of ventilation in the great room in
the new Congress office building where
these hearings have been held. The at-
mosphere is stifling, odorous and unhealthy.
Yet there appears to be no means of ven-
tilating the room. The committeemen after
their day's labor, when they go home,
often find their heads aching and their
eyes watering.

Senator Elkins and Senator Scott of
West Virginia, it was said, rather "cut
up" because the President refused to ap-
point Frederick Pay, Governor of the
Internal Revenue Office for the State.
The President declared to them, it was
added, "I don't like the Groseup breed."
Groseup is a brother of Judge Groseup,
who turned over \$100,000 of the
Oil Company fund, and yet before this
decision, it was stated, the President appointed
Benjamin Groseup, another brother, to
aid the Attorney-General in prosecuting
several of the Western railroads.

Sometimes statesmen mysteriously dis-
appear from the public horizon. A number
of years ago no Indiana Democrat was
better known than William D. Bynum,
considered one of the foremost tariff
authorities of Hoosierdom. Bynum wiggle-
waggled on the Bryan question and has
now emigrated to Oklahoma.

Speaking of Indianians, former Demo-
cratic United States Senator Turpie, con-
sidered by Vice-President Fairbanks and
other Republicans as well as by most Demo-
crats as one of the most scholarly Senators
that ever put his head in Washington, even
now is "Wabash foot." This means a
battered pair of shoes.

Representative Hiram Rodney Burton of
Delaware, said in Washington the other
evening:

"I remember very distinctly hearing
in the winter of 1894-95 the late P. T. Bar-
num lecture in this city on temperance.
I recollect the great crowd that surged
into the hall, and I recollect a short
time ago, and I could not help noticing
in figure and face the strong resemblance
between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Barnum. The
resemblance was striking."

It has just leaked out that one of the
reasons which led State Engineer Freder-
ick S. Skene of New York State to ac-
cept a renomination at Rochester was that
he was notified that his assessment as a
candidate would be \$25,000.

"How did you feel, Judge," asked a friend
of President-elect Taft in Washington sev-
eral evenings ago, "during the campaign
when you were voted all over the country
for President?"

"I feel," amiably replied the President-
elect, "like a prize ox at a country fair."

Elijah R. Kennedy, president of the New
England Society in Brooklyn, a Republican
of the deepest convictions from the orga-
nization of that party, who has been a
mild and friendly relations with the Pres-
idents and other important men of his party,
announced in presiding at the dinner
of the society in the New Brooklyn Academy
on Monday night last, "We have never
differed, we may have differed on polit-
ical questions, we can all unite in drink-
ing to the health of the sovereign people
of the United States."

It has become a notable proceeding at
New York State that the last two years
to cut out the customary toast to the
President, and it is known that this has
been done because there was fear of out-
spoken opposition on the part of many of the
diners.

One Way to Cure Hiccoughs.

From the Ohio State Journal.
Did you ever take nine swallows of water
to cure the hiccoughs? Do you remember
the time some one scared the hiccoughs
away by telling you of a whipping due to
some misdemeanor?

Well, science has been studying hiccoughs
and caught the hiccoughs by the
"name of the neck." The nine swallows
of water had a little science in it, and so
did the whipping. The hiccough is a spas-
modic contraction of the diaphragm, and
the nerve that connects the stomach, heart,
lungs and brain, and locally paralyzes
this nerve and of necessity the hiccoughing
must stop.

Have the hiccoughing patient sit down and
be at ease, with the muscles of the neck
relaxed, and swallow nine swallows of water,
the back part and press down steadily and
the hiccoughs will stop. The hiccough is a
spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm,
and the spasmodic motion of the diaphragm
may require longer pressure in some cases,
but the hiccoughs will stop if the patient is
relaxed.

You will oblige some of your readers on the
Philadelphia side of the Delaware by giving
with the "The Nine Swallows of Water"
the following:

"It's not the 'opinion' 'hove' fences that 'urts
the neck."
"But the 'ammer, 'ammer 'hon the 'ard 'ighway."
THE END.

What is the English of Runkin's title "Fors
Claviers"? HERMAN V. SHERMAN.
The "Fors" is a corruption of the word "Fors."
The expression is classical, though it is the
expression of an attribute of the war god Janus.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. W. H. B. says: Each player had
a hand of four cards. The dealer dealt two in
trumps, whereupon the player on his right
said, "I have a trick." The dealer then dealt
it comes around to his turn. B bets that the
one whose declaration is overbid in the same suit
has the first trick. B is right in this case, and
increased it by a trick without changing the
tricks.

B had no right to double until the two inter-
vening players had bid or passed. B's doubling
out of turn placed him at the mercy of the ad-
versary, as the one on his left, the dealer in this
case, could have doubled a new deal.

Bridge. H. M. T. asks what strength in hearts
is sufficient to make a better declaration than
a no trump when the hand has protection in
other suits.

There is no specific rule about such matters
unless the score is a factor. At 10 up, for instance,
it would take two tricks in either to go game.
The usual distinction is in favor of safety, and
sudden players will always take a safe heart make
in preference to a risky no trump. With five
hearts to three honors there would have to be
at least three or four extra tricks in other suits
to justify a no trump declaration in preference
to hearts.

R. F. L. says: Z is dealing and declares hearts.
Before asking if he shall play A says: "Hold on,
I dealt the last hand, it is not your deal. Z
is the last to deal, and he has not yet been
made." A bets that it is not too late until he has
played a card.

Under the old rules the play of a card was the
time limit for correcting a deal out of turn or with
the wrong cards; but according to the new code,
which went into effect on October 1, the time
limit is the dealer's time in dealing. The new
code was to agree with the rule which prevails
all over Europe.

W. W. S. says: The dealer looks over his
dummy about the ninth trick, and remarks that
he does not see how his adversaries can get more
than one trick. A says: "How can you prevent
us getting a trick with the king of spades?" where-
upon the dealer says: "I have the king of spades
in my hand. A having named it as in his hand, A
says he did not name the player that held it, and
the dealer had not followed to spades the last
time, and the king was still to come, it was obvious
that the dealer had been in a hurry to declare, and
down as an exposed card."

The card must be put down. A had no right
to mention it. What was obvious to him may not
have been so to his partner, who may have for-
gotten all about the spade situation. When the
dealer makes any such remark as that cited,
the safest plan is to demand that he place the re-
maining cards in the pot, and then, without pen-
alty for naming the number of the remaining
tricks that he will win.

Five Hundred. R. T. Y. says: What is the ob-
jection to leaving all the four in the pack when
the play is started?

It makes too many cards in the widow. Ten
cards are all that should be added; just enough
to make up the fourth hand. For this purpose
both the black fours are usually put in with the
aces and fives.

Casino. H. C. C. says: A has built a nine and
there is only one card left in the pot. B has
built a nine and there is only one card left in
the pot. B has built a nine and there is only
one card left in the pot. B has built a nine
and there is only one card left in the pot.

No. For all that A knows B may have a third
ten, and be planning for a sweep himself. There
is no rule that compels a player to take in any
particular number of cards, and he is free to
purposely taking them in.

Crabage. L. O. R. says: A bets that there
is only one combination of cards that will win
a twenty-three hand, and that is three fives
and two aces. B says: "I have a better com-
bination, three fives and two aces, and I have
left it to you before you play over the stakes."
B says: "I have a better combination, three fives
and two aces, and I have left it to you before
you play over the stakes."

There is no calling for a sight in opening jack
pots. If the dealer did not have any chips to
open the pot in case he found he had opened
he might not have been asked. After he has opened
he might call for a sight if he was raised, but
he cannot call for a sight to open a jack pot on
the ground that he has nothing to open it with,
because he could have foreseen that he would
be raised, and he has no right to call for a sight
to open a jack pot on the ground that he has
nothing to open it with.